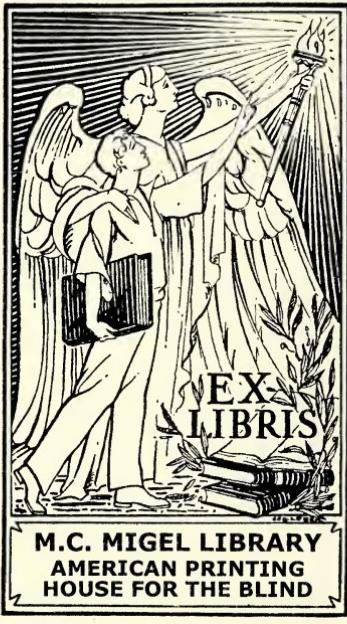


OUT OF THE DARK
Tarkington, Booth

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AMERICAN PRINTING
HOUSE FOR THE BLIND

Out of the Dark

By
BOOTH
TARKINGTON

I RECALL the sound of pain in a man's voice in a shop where I'd been taken to buy a hat. He had tactfully not referred to my blindness until I was being led to the door, which he opened for us; then his compassion suddenly got the better of him. "Oh, this is a terrible affliction!" he said, with a sympathetic pang so acute that, although I was grateful, I couldn't think of anything to say to cheer him up.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSIE TARROX REALS

The word "affliction" remained in my mind, however. I remembered old phrases like "prayers for those in affliction" and also that there is never a time when a great part of mankind is not "in affliction," so that rarely, even among our own neighbors, is there no one nor in some way "afflicted." Moreover, as it is the good tendency of our times to put all things to use, it seemed to me that afflictions, too, should follow the rule and be made to serve the general good as far as possible; they should be put to use, then, not only by those who study them for the healing of mankind but most of all perhaps by those who suffer them.

That is, the sufferer should find what benefit for himself lies in his affliction and then impart that benefit to others so

far as he can. Of course, this is no new thought, and a noble example of its practical application is Mr. Clifford W. Beers's account of the *Mind That Found Itself*, wherein his narrative of a genuine and most terrible affliction is given for the general good. His book is a personal record in order to be of the most concrete service; so must my own slight account of a minor ailment be personal, in the same hope. . . .

MOST of us, I think, regard with such horror the possibility of ourselves becoming blind that we put it from our thoughts as a thing incredible. "It couldn't happen to me!" we say. "The blind are somebody else." A friend reading to me when I had no vision inadvertently stumbled into a sentence in the work of a new writer of fiction—"He felt himself as unlike his fellow beings as if he had been blind or an idiot—" and I laughed with enjoyment, perhaps a little strained, of the young author's naïvete.

Yet I had myself been as childlike upon an occasion long before when, possessed of unimpaired sight, I stood in the dusk at a street corner absently



KEYSTONE PHOTO

"In the mind is where we really see". . . . The author with Mrs. Tarkington during convalescence



Only that Pat was there, the afternoon would have been three degrees worse than a funeral

Martha is prouder of than her niece, it's the town she lives in.

I then orate about how all the other cities near by have rubbed it into us about being old-fashioned and backward, and about how we now have the chance to show them a thing or two, and then I paint a picture of her as being the one person in Pine Ridge who can make us stand out like nobody's business. Finally I explain the baseball situation and tell her that we want her to finance the club, else we'll appear ridiculous for having said we'd take it over—and then welsching.

I'll say this for the old lady: There

wasn't any explosion. She did look kind of queer and startled, but she was a Foster, and Fosters always were folks that didn't blink at anything.

"Isn't it rather absurd, Bill—that I should finance a baseball team?"

"Yes'm. But if you don't, nobody will—and we'll be laughed at."

"H-m-m! You're a nice boy, Bill Avery. In fact, I can't understand why you've been avoiding us up here on the hill. But I wouldn't dream of investing in anything that I didn't understand."

"I'll explain it to you, Miss Martha. And you can run the team."

"But it'd be ridiculous!"

"I'm pot. Just think what it will mean to the town, too." Then I hesitated for just a moment. "But there's one thing I've got to make plain, Miss Martha: This is not a good investment. Club balls in little towns like this really don't make money. Sometimes they lose."

"How much?"

"Oh, you might lose four or five thousand during the season. If you were lucky, you'd break even. We're not asking you because we think you'll make money; we're asking you because

we figure you're the only person in Pine Ridge who has enough money and pride to want to do a good deed for the town."

Well, sir, that decided her. Of course, there was a lot more talk back and forth, but before the afternoon ended she had practically agreed—and that meant she would do it. On the way out—I feelin' kind of dazed—I run slap into Pat Foster. Her eyes are shining and she hasn't changed from those tennis things.

"Bill Avery!" she says. "It's marvelous!" She went off into a suppressed giggle. "Aunty running a ball club! O-o-o-o-h!"

"I'll help her all I can, Pat."

"And I'll help too." Then she smiles straight into my eyes: "If it'll get you up here occasionally, you poor goof, her losses will be worth while."

"You're a sweet kid, Pat."

"Says you! But you haven't acted that way since I came back from school."

"Scared! You were too impressive."

"Boloney!" says she, in her best finishing-school manner.

There's plenty to be done right after that. Miss Martha buys the franchise and spends some jack having the park fixed up. The old ladies of her reading club like to fling (Continued on page 153)





With sight restored, Booth Tarkington, in his study at Kennebunkport, Maine, finds that "darkness makes brightness brighter when the light comes"

tapping the curb with a walking stick as I waited for a trolley car, and a kindly stranger paused, then took my arm, and said, "Come on; I'll see you across the street." I thanked him and explained; but, when he had gone on, almost laughed aloud at what seemed the absurdity of the poor fellow's mistake, though the better part of the joke was of course the figure I had cut with my curbstone tappings. It seemed grotesque to be mistaken for a blind man.

I had reached what I now decide to look back upon as the youthful beginnings of middle age before I was aware, so to speak, that I had eyes at all. ("At your age, sir," the great physician said to his young patient, "you have no business to know that you have a stom-

ach.") I think my first realization that eyes are organs of some sort arose from seeing an evasive little dot or two sometimes skipping across things at which I was looking—over the page of a book or hovering in the sky or flitting against the ocean when I steered a boat. These dots in time became somewhat more numerous and also more perceptible, and



"... I had forgotten what the color of springtime really is"

some of them appeared to be tiny clusters of cells or even strings of cells. "Dear me," I thought, when they were a little annoying, "I suppose I ought to see an oculist."

I didn't wish to see an oculist; I'd never seen one except under unprofessional and cheerful circumstances, and I had a discomfiting suspicion that if I told one about my spots and dots he'd say, "Stop work!" Like almost all other middle-aged Americans, I was sure that the one thing I couldn't do was to stop working; and, as I had been since my childhood in the habit of reading for several hours a day, I didn't see how I could give that up, either. "Oh, some time," I said, "some time, if these spots get too fresh with me, I'll ask Doctor Blank to look my eyes over."

PROBABLY a great many people see just such skipping dots and specks and feel about them as I did, more apprehensive of the oculist's verdict than of a possibly ruinous postponement of it. Happily, such a verdict is much more often the end of worry than the intensification of it, and another proof that almost all secret worries are wasted worries. When finally I went with hidden foreboding to Doctor Blank, because black print seemed to have become gray, I learned nothing more alarming than that I'd better begin to wear spectacles for reading and that the specks I saw were broken-down cells, "flies," and were of no consequence.

Once acquired, they remain, it is true, and nervous people sometimes find them a little annoying; but I became comfortably accustomed to mine and even developed something like a cordiality toward them, so that when the largest of them slid unexpectedly in and out of view I'd say, "There's Grandfather again. Where's he going this morning?"

That is to say, there was then really nothing the matter with my eyes, and the "flies" were by no means symptomatic of subsequent disaster. I had the general middle-aged ocular experiences, using spectacles for reading only, and, at rather long intervals, finding that somehow stronger lenses were necessary.

However, I rather slowly began to be aware that distances were becoming vague to my right eye, and I thought "distance spectacles" might disperse this vagueness; but they didn't, and the specialist I consulted said, "No; you've got a haze in that eye." Then he added laughingly, "You can't get over that!" and told me one of the funniest Negro stories I ever heard. While we were both still laughing over it, he said, "Anyhow, your other eye's all right!" and dismissed me merrily. I was grateful to him for (Continued on page 111)

Forlorn Island



By EDISON
MARSHALL

ALL his life Horton's bought what he wanted, and he expects us to supply the weather and tides he demands!"

The speaker was the first officer of Felix Horton's yacht, the Intrepid, and he and two thirds of his crew had just quit that craft forever. The man he addressed was a tall, blue-eyed young native sitting idly on the dock of Squaw Harbor, on a lonely stretch of Alaskan

coast, when the Intrepid nosed up to the wharf.

The Alaskan's name was Eric Ericsson, and he, himself, held master's papers.

Now Horton stepped ashore, followed by his daughter Nan and by Roy Stuart, the man Horton had picked for a 'son-in-law'. The millionaire lost no time in offering Eric the vacant berth aboard the Intrepid, but the Alaskan turned the offer down. He had just heard too much about Horton to fancy working for him. Later, however, the elderly captain of the yacht approached the young man.

"Ericsson, won't you reconsider your decision?" he asked. "Forget the boss's high-handed ways and help me out.

Nan whirled on him in swift fury. . . . "I'll clean fish, or anything else, for the welfare of the party; but don't think I'm ever going to be your squaw, even if we stay here for the rest of our natural lives!"

Horton's girl asks it, too. She's uneasy about those thugs I've had to sign up."

Eric resisted no longer, for he knew far better than Captain Waymire and Nan Horton that the crew of cutthroats, recruited from Squaw Harbor that day and headed by the deaf giant, Sandomar, was capable of making serious trouble. Besides, Eric had found in Nan's hazel eyes a challenge more disturbing than

Out of the Dark

(Continued from page 49)

being so cheerful and for not saying anything about work or reading.

He was right to be cheery, I think, and correct too about my writing and reading, for the "haze" was sure to increase, whether I used my eyes or not. One day I noticed that it had become so deep that with my left eye covered I couldn't see the pattern of the rug on which I stood. "Why, that right eye's practically blind!" I thought. "How queer it would be not to be able to see the pattern of that rug even with my other eye! It would be—almost blindness."

I had, in fact, an uncomfortable moment wondering if a "haze" might not some day come into my left eye too. But this rather shivery thought came and passed, as it like must have come and passed for so many thousands of people since our world began, and I reassured myself with the feeling that so far at least I was "all right." Two good eyes were really superfluous; one was enough—and so it was, and is, indeed.

The time did come—fortunately, taking its leisure and waiting several years, but nevertheless arriving—when the "haze" became perceptible—and quite rapidly more and more perceptible—in that other eye, too. Distances grew vague and vaguer; long roads did not reach the horizon but disappeared halfway in a fog that wasn't there; people on the street were ghosts until they came within a few feet of me—then, in a little while, still remained ghosts when they came that near. Lights became wreaths of sparks; the fog moved up from the distance, enveloping what was nearest and eliminating distance entirely, and, in the dark, whether I shut my eyes or not, I was entertained by elaborate displays of fireworks and incessant dances of luminous mites. In the daytime the word "catastrophe" seemed appropriate; ceaseless energetic motion was ever before me—endless descents of gray, sometimes varied with "pastel colors," and unbelievably rapid.

BY THIS time I had difficulty in moving about a room, distinguishing the food upon my plate, and getting into my clothes, and couldn't be trusted with matches at all—a deprivation sometimes more acute than might be suspected. On the other hand there were compensations. I had a great deal of agreeable pampering, and I had been tactfully aided to the discovery that I could do my work by dictation. Also, I made the pleasant additional discovery for myself that mental concentration is less difficult when the wandering gaze can rest upon no visible object; for imagination is a tricky servant, hates real work, and under pressure loves to pop aside and gambol lazily upon any surface the physical eye presents as a possible playground. That's why we sometimes shut our eyes in order to "think hard."

Walking outdoors, even with a companion who held my arm, had become a little bothersome—slight inequalities of ground offer somewhat more jarring surprises to those who don't see them than might be guessed—but on the shore of a small Maine harbor a friend and I had a walk together, and from it a long

pier struggled forth into the water. The planking of this pier was ancient but level and rails protected the sides, and there I could walk in the open air as comfortably as if I saw perfectly.

Here, indeed, as in other surroundings that were familiar, I was usually almost unaware of my littleness of vision. Sounds readily made themselves into sights. When a fishing boat came putt-putting by, I knew so well its shape and color, the little watery tumults of its reflection, and the foamy white trail behind it, and the hopeful, ill-tempered cries of the gulls that followed it made their swoops and wheelings so apparent, that the picture was as clear to my mind as it had ever been. When the fishing boat had passed, I had no disturbing consciousness that I had not seen it with my eyes.

I could still see a little through the fog; enough, in bright daylight, to discern the general contours of a room and its furniture; could say how many fingers of a hand held near me were extended, and on my own account merely was not yet so discontented with my condition that I wished to improve it at the cost of an operation. I must add that I had no dread whatever of an operation; my placidity was due in part to a lazy disposition little inclined to decisive action, but far more to the devoted pampering so constant in the care of me that my "affliction" sometimes appeared to be a not inconsiderable asset.

IT WAS this very care of me, in fact, and not my own initiative, that finally got me into the hospital, and there my earliest experiences were mortifying. Almost anybody who has ever had his eyes examined will recall a giant black letter L on white cardboard. I remember that when I first saw this prodigious L in an oculist's office I wondered what in the world its use could be. "Surely anybody who could see anything at all could see that!" I thought. But at my examination in the great Eye Clinic I couldn't see this monstrous L when I knew they were showing it to me, hoping that I could see it; and all at once painful episodes of my childhood were present with me again. I greatly desired to be a good boy and see this L, just as, long ago, I had stood at the schoolroom blackboard twiddling a broken stick of chalk in my fingers and wishing I had the means to solve a completely inscrutable enigma of arithmetic hopefully proffered by a patient teacher. Failing to see even the L was like failing to subtract one from one, and I had that same old shameful premonition that I wasn't going to "pass."

For operations during which the patient must, if possible, obey certain instructions, and after which he must be entirely motionless, a general anesthetic, of course, isn't administered. It seemed to me a great advantage to be mentally present at my operations, since in particular it gave me the privilege of being, as it were, the principal witness of an exhibition of skill to me almost incredible. The eye is, comparatively speaking, a small organ; to have acquired the art that can operate upon a minute part of its smallness still seems to me "beyond miracles." . . .

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SMOKER PENS CONFESSTION

Is Devoted to One Tobacco

Pleads with Makers To "Keep Up Good Work"

Loyalty is a common attribute of pipe smokers. But the loyalty of Mr. N. Sadlier-Brown, a resident of British Columbia, is of a kind and degree that would make any manufacturer feel proud of his product. Here is Mr. Sadlier-Brown's letter:

Blue River
British Columbia
November 26, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Dear Sirs:

It seems to me that I have been overlooking an obligation in not writing to you what I think about your valuable product, Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. If a good thing is made, it should be boosted by its users.

Edgeworth is the coolest tobacco I ever smoked, and I've tried plenty. It has a flavor all its own, and the "flavor lasts" to the very bottom of the pipe. It's a high grade tobacco, and ought to be priced the same as all the other quality.

Most important of all, N. C. is the only tobacco I can smoke. I have a bronchial throat, and every make of tobacco I ever tried irritates it—except Edgeworth.

So keep up the good work, for if you stop making Edgeworth I shall have to stop smoking.

Yours faithfully,
N. Sadlier-Brown

The makers of Edgeworth assure Mr. Sadlier-Brown that they certainly will "keep up the good work." And they want to assure him too, that he will find the same fine quality in the Edgeworth he buys *anywhere*.

Perhaps you have never smoked a pipe. Perhaps you tried a pipe and found it wanting. In either case you are missing some of the real joys of smoking until you know the solid satisfaction of a good pipe with *Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco*. Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys with its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co., at 103 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a free sample packet of Edgeworth. Or you can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from the 15-cent pocket package to the pound humidor tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.

Do you enjoy listening to the singing of spirituals? Every Thursday evening a group of Edgeworth workers gather at the Edgeworth factory to sing spirituals. You can hear them over the N. B. C. Blue Network,

I lay on the ironing board, marvelling; the great surgeon talked to me easily in his pleasant, steady voice; there was the strange painless, warmish sensation of the knife in my eye, stupendous swimmings and vibrations of firework luminosities.

"Look down and to the left," he said. "Now to the right. Now look up and to the right. Don't look down again."

I tried to be obedient and look in the desired directions.

"All over," he said suddenly. "All over"—and in less than sixty seconds.

The immediately subsequent period of necessary motionlessness was longer, and I had the experience of learning how curiously peevish one's body can become when compelled to lie flat on its back for many hours without any movement whatever. After two days an inch's elevation of the head seemed a blessed adventure, and a cigarette on the fifth day gave me such a good time that I wondered if the hospital ever considered applications on the part of patients for permanent residence there. On the eleventh day, however, they hardheartedly made me go away.

I WAS still in the fog, for this had been only the preliminary operation, and, five weeks later, I was blithely back for the critical one. The operation, another marvel to me, lasted three painless minutes, and, though I somehow became aware that my eye had "complications," the result was successful.

When the Chief came with candle-bearers and assistants to my darkened room and my bandages were removed for dressing, I saw staggered lights, blurred whites, and moving flesh tints; but the fog was gone. "Of course, that eye looks insulted," the Chief said; "but it's behaving splendidly—splendidly!"

I remember a play I once saw in which there was an off-stage operation upon the hero's eyes. Weeks were supposed to have elapsed while he was kept bandaged in a darkened room; then he was brought out, still bandaged, for a scene upon the dazzlingly bright stage, and the bandages were removed. He looked about him for a moment or two with a fine semblance of being dazed; then suddenly and triumphantly shouted, "I see! I see!" and almost at once turned his attention to other matters. I'm under the impression that such dramatic episodes somewhat oversimplify the truth.

For one reason, the bandages are usually removed daily for dressing and, as soon as practicable, tests of vision are made in dim lights. Moreover, except in some unusual emergencies, it isn't thought the best practice to operate on both eyes at the same time; and, finally, anybody who'd been kept in a dark room, or with his eyes covered for some days and then was brought out to the light and unbandaged, wouldn't have much on his mind except to get back into his dark room. Besides this, he'd usually be needing spectacles.

After my eye could bear the light again, I was sent away for seven weeks before being allowed the use of a glass lens to take the place of the human one that had been removed from my eye. Lensless, I saw color; but form was fuzzy, with evasive outlines and slipping edges, or no edges at all—or else too many! But it was springtime and the color I saw astounded me. I perceived that I had forgotten what the

color of springtime really is. Year after year, these ineffable and varied greens had so slowly grown duller and grayer to my failing vision that, unaware, I had come to believe the smoky hues I saw to be the real colors of spring.

"Dear me! One could spend the rest of one's life just looking at this color! Why bother about spectacles to see shapes?"

Then, when I had been given the spectacles, was lensed again, and, for a time (especially after a subsequent comfortable little operation known as "needling") saw things as other people do—color, shape and all—I had other surprises. I found everything that I saw acutely interesting; yet failing vision, like the softening tint of age upon a painting, had put a harmonizing tone over many things not beautiful to clear eyes. Now that my mist was gone, it seemed to me that the natural landscape hadn't been improved by what men had built upon it—in fact, that we modern human beings haven't put much beauty into most of the things we have made. My fog had dimmed the woodland grove but also the sardine cans and torn paper and the telegraph poles.

But what was really startling to me sprang from the fresh sight of our human-kind itself—people in the railway stations and on crowded streets. I had forgotten how mechanically engrossed with self most faces are, and I had the feeling that to look at them was almost an indecency. Almost all these faces seemed to reveal, with shocking publicity, the private characters of their wearers, to show forth things that shouldn't be, or at least that shouldn't be known.

I do not mean to minimize the delight it was to see again, or that there isn't a discoverable kind of beauty in the sunshine upon a tomato can on a city dump heap. Looking at anything whatever enchanted me. I felt that I could happily spend a hundred lives just staring and staring.

BUT when weeks and even months had passed, occupied mainly in this new delight of looking at things, I began to realize that there was a little interference; something seemed to be going a little wrong with that renovated eye. Possibly those "complications" misbehaved or perhaps it was the shock of a great bump I had in an automobile that made a cross-country run to get out of the way of a village fire department on the rampage. Shadows came. Therefore, I was suddenly in the hospital again and more than ever on everybody's hands.

And now, there was the luxury of an almost complete helplessness, a luxury that includes a curious, selfish relief from the worries of a person who is able to help others. Of course, one could still worry, most of all about those who were worrying for him, and there was anxiety, too, concerning one's fellow patients. These fellow patients, unseen and unheard, become one's friends; their histories somehow emerge out of the hospital routine, messages are exchanged, and so are books and fruit and flowers—flowers to smell.

These friends become entirely definite of outline; one doesn't realize at all that one hasn't seen them or even "personally communicated" with them, because the communication in thought is real and intimate and personal, indeed. Then perhaps one day the nurse is called to





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Just draw a quarter-glass of water from the faucet — add a few dashes of Astring-o-sol — and you have a mouth-wash that is pleasing to your taste, cleansing, refreshing, penetrating. Used in this way, one 4-ounce bottle of Astring-o-sol makes 12 full pints of excellent mouth-wash. It is so economical to use — so convenient.

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door, there's a cheery, gentle voice outside for a moment, and the nurse, returning, says, "That was Mrs. Forrester to say good-by and to tell you to be sure you're going to be as all right as she is." It's impossible to believe that this is the only time you've heard Mrs. Forrester's voice or that you wouldn't know her if you met her on the street, were your sight restored.

There is a significance here; I have touched upon it in speaking of the fishing boat and gulls in the small, familiar harbor. After the boat and the gulls had passed, I had no realization (unless I stopped and reminded myself) that I had not seen them with my eyes; and so it was with all familiar scenes. What surprised me sometimes, when I thought of it, was the fact that the unfamiliar, too, nearly always became so immediately and entirely mentally visible that unless I blunderingly knocked my head against it, I was never uncomfortably aware of not seeing it.

For in the mind is where we really see and where we really live, whether we know it or not.

So did I know how those roses looked — and I could smell them. But what if I could not smell them — or feel them? What if I could not smell or feel or taste or hear anything? What if my other four senses left me as my sense of vision had left me? That would be, so far as I could be aware, the same as death, wouldn't it? And wasn't I, lacking one of the senses, perhaps the principal one, more than one fifth dead? I discovered that I was no deader than I had ever been and not in any way different from myself — nor should I be dead or different with all senses departed. In this knowledge there seemed to be a hint of "personal survival," for I saw that memory, too, could take its flight after the departed senses, and so could other faculties of the mind, yet I myself would and must remain myself.

IT IS difficult for me to realize now that I have never seen the rooms I lived in at different times in the Clinic, that I have never seen the operating-room, and, more, that I have never seen several of the nurses who were constant, intimate, bright miracles of resource and endurance. It seemed to me that I saw everything, and so it still seems now; my memory of those months is all in mental pictures. There are exceptions. After a while I was sent away for recuperation, to be kept in the open air as much as possible and to be made secure again upon my feet; and I found traveling bothersome. There were sounds that remained only sounds, instead of obligingly translating themselves into sights. Pullman cars seemed to be of a new architecture, and the elevated platform of a railway station, a confusing place for the visionless occupant of a wheel chair.

Motoring could not be thought a pleasure; one feels the lurch and swing through traffic and, not seeing what is ahead, is unprepared for the chauffeur's maneuvers. There are qualms and hints of seasickness. But what really fretted me was eating; every meal was a new problem, and it

seemed to me that I should never learn how to manipulate the implements we employ in the operation of renewing our substance. My admiration for the thousands without vision who dine as dexterously and unthoughtfully as their visioned fellows partakes of a humble marveling. I learned to understand, a little, how they get about, even use street-cars and trains virtually unaided; but I do not understand how they have learned to eat civilized. For the other things they have learned — to read, to write, to become musicians, to do in fact almost anything that people with eyes can do — I feel something like awe. The very primer of their learning was beyond me.

WHEN I hear the phrase, "thisdamned human race," I know the antidote and think of the attainments of Miss Helen Keller and others who, without physical sight and without even the memory of things physically seen, and without hearing, lead rich lives that beautifully enrich the lives of others. Then, seen in the light that such triumph emanates, "this damned human race" seems august as it moves upward.

I had, all this time, the possible prospect of seeing again with one of my eyes; but I found it better to live pleasantly in the present (as I easily could except at those confounded mealtimes!) and not to dwell in prospects.

Thus, on a late winter afternoon when I was borne into the operating-room for the final benevolences upon this eye of last resort, I found myself to be in an easy condition of mind.

Sometimes when we hear surgeons and students speaking of a "beautiful operation" we giggle a little nervously, thinking that for the patient no operation itself can seem very beautiful. However, it can, and it can also be a patient's most extraordinary pleasure, after every exquisitely accurate and perfect movement of the knife upon a part of him, to hear the half-breathed word "Magnificent!" spontaneous upon the lips of one of the Chief's assistants. Two minutes and—"All over and no complications!"

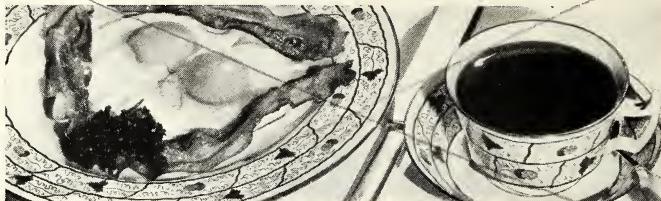
Without a lens I saw and knew the Chief as he bent over me.

That was a year ago, and now I can "see through a brick wall;" but seeing will never become commonplace to me. By losing what we have, we learn its value and discover how happy we didn't know we were when we had it. Nevertheless, more than that is discovered to us by loss, and I would not exchange this experience for a blither one. Darkness makes brightness brighter when the light comes; yet in the dark the truth may be more brightly manifest. One day, in convalescence, I heard a broadcasting singer croon that "Life is just a bowl of cherries" and didn't wholly agree with him. But later the loud-speaker sent forth a deeper voice and a song that was undoubtedly sentimental in the tragic key; yet I had been fitted to comprehend a useful simple truth in the refrain:

"Thank God, Who made me blind
So that my soul can see."

"IT NEEDED the fire of suffering to bring out the finest gold of his spirit," says Bruce Barton of Mr. Tarkington. He gives other interesting comments on page 166.

Breakfast eggs have to be Fresh



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Here is Coffee delivered like the "Fresh Food" that coffee really is...

E GGS . . . butter . . . milk . . . all perishable foods! You know they must be *fresh* to be good!

But do you know coffee is a fresh food, too . . . *perishable*, like these other fresh foods?

All coffee contains a delicate oil . . . about a half-cup to a pound. It is this oil which makes coffee perishable, for comparatively soon after roasting, it

begins to turn rancid, just as butter does. It becomes seriously toxic, often causing nervousness, indigestion, sleeplessness.

When the coffee is freshly roasted, this oil is as wholesome as fresh butter, and carries the delicious flavor and aroma that make coffee such a marvelous drink.

And so CHASE & SANBORN'S is delivered like other fresh foods . . . rushed roaster-fresh to your grocer by swift trucks . . . The same swift trucks that deliver fresh Fleischmann's Yeast

regularly. Every can is plainly stamped with the date it reaches your grocer. And no can is permitted to remain on any grocer's shelf longer than ten days.

It is simply impossible for you to get a stale can of this superb dated coffee. The *date* is your guarantee of freshness.

Buy a can of this delicious *Dated* coffee which for 66 years has been famous among coffee lovers. Now it comes to you doubly good . . . at the peak of its rich, full flavor! Try it just once . . . You will love it!



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